King Edward IV.

AND THE

TANNER

OF

TAMWORTH.

TEWKESBURY:

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KING EDWARD IV.

AND THE

TANNER of TAMWORTH.

IN ſummer time when leaves grow green,
And birds were ſinging on the tree,
Kind Edward would a hunting ride,
Some paſtime for to ſee.

Our king he would a hunting ride,
By eight o'clock of the day,
And well was he aware of a bold tanner,
Come riding on the way.

A good ruſſet coat the tanner had on,
Faſt button'd under his chin,
And under him a good cow hide,
And a mare of forty ſhilling.

Now ſtand you here my good lords all,
Under this truſty tree,
And I will gang to yonder fellow,
To know from whence came he.

God ſpeed, God ſpeed, then ſaid our king,
Thou art welcome good fellow, quoth he,
Which is the way to Drayton-Baſſet,
I pray thee ſhew to me.

The ready way to Drayton-Baſſet,
From this place as thou doſt ſtand,
The next pair of gallows thou doſt come to,
Thou muſt turn upon thy right hand.

That is not the way then ſaid the king,
The ready way I pray thee ſhew me.
Whether thou be a thief, or no, quoth the tanner,
I am weary of thy company.

Away with a vengeance, quoth the tanner,
I hold thee out of thy wit,
For all this day have I ridden and gone,
And I am faſting yet.

Go with me to Drayton-Baſſet, ſaid the king
No dainties we will lack;
We will have meat and drink of the beſt,
And I will pay thy ſhot.

God-a-mercy for nothing, ſaid the tanner,
Thou ſhalt pay for no dinner of mine;
I have more groats and nobles in my purſe,
Than thou haſt pence in thine.

God ſave thy goods, then ſaid our king,
I wiſh them well to thee;
Be thief or true man, ſaid the tanner,
I am weary of thy company.

Away with a vengeance quoth the tanner,
Of thee I ſtand in fear;
The apparel thou weareſt on thy back,
May ſeem a good lord to wear.

I never ſtole them, ſaid our king,
I ſwear to thee by the rood;
Thou art ſome ruffian of the country,
Thou rideſt in the midſt of the wood.

What is there, then ſaid our king,
I pray thee what news doſt thou hear?
I hear no news, anſwer'd the tanner,
But cow hides are very dear.

Cow hides! cow hides! then ſaid our king,
I marvel what they be!
Why thou art a fool, quoth the tanner,
Look, I have one under me:

Yet one thing now I would thee pray,
So that thou would not be ſtrange;
If thy mare be better than my ſteed,
I pray thee let us change.

But if thou needs with me wilt change,
A change full well may be;
By the faith of my body, quoth the tanner,
I look to have ſome boot of thee.

What wilt thou have, ſaid our king,
What boot doſt thou aſk on this ground?
No pence nor halfpence ſaid the tanner,
But a noble in gold ſo round.

Here's twenty groats, then ſaid our king,
So well paid ſay you be.
I like thee better than I did before,
If thou hadſt ne'er a penny.

But if ſo thou needſt muſt change,
As change thou may'ſt abide;
Tho' thou haſt gotten block my mare,
Thou ſhalt not have my cow-hide.

The tanner took the good cow-hide
That off the cow was bilt,
And threw it upon the king's ſaddle,
That was ſo fairly gilt.

Now help me up, quoth the tanner,
Full quickly that I was gone;
And when I come to Gillan my wife,
She'll ſay I'm a gentleman.

The king took the tanner by the leg,
He girted a fart ſo round:
You're very homely, then ſaid the king,
Were I aware I had laid your o'th' ground.

When the tanner was in the king's ſaddle,
Aſtoniſh'd then he was;
He knew not the ſtirrups that he did wear,
Whether they were gold or braſs.

But when the ſteed ſaw the black tail wag,
And eke the black cow horn;
The ſteed began to run away,
As if the devil the tanner had been.

Untill he came into a nook,
A little beſide an oak;
The ſteed gave the tanner ſuch a fall,
His neck was almoſt broke.

Take thy horſe again, with a vengeance he ſaid,
With me he ſhall not abide; (ſaid,
It is not a marvel ſaid the king, and laugh'd,
He knew not your cow-hide.

But if that we needs muſt change,
As change well now we might;
I ſwear to you plain if you have my mare,
I look to have ſome boot.

What boot will you aſk, quoth the tanner,
What boot will you aſk on this ground?
No pence nor halfpence ſaid our king,
But a noble in gold ſo round.

Here's twenty good groats, ſaid the tanner,
I have twenty more of thine:
I have ten groats more in my purſe,
We'll drink five of them at the vine.

The king ſet a bugle horn to his mouth,
And he blew both loud and ſhrill:
And five hundred lords and knights,
Came riding over the hill.

Away with a vengeance quoth the tanner,
With thee I'll no longer abide;
Thou art a ſtrong thief, yonder be thy men,
They'll ſteal away my cow-hide.

No, I proteſt then ſaid our king,
For ſo it may not be;
They be lords of Drayton-Baſſet,
Come out of the north country.

But when they came before the king,
Full low they fell on their knees;
The tanner had rather than a 1000 pound,
He had been out of the company.

A collar, a collar, then ſaid the king,
A collar then he did cry;
Then would he give a thouſand pound,
He had not been ſo nigh.

A collar, a collar, quoth the tanner,
It is a thing that will breed ſorrow;
For after a collar cometh a halter,
And I ſhall be hang'd to-morrow.

No, do not fear, the king did ſay,
For paſtime thou haſt ſhewn to me;
No collar nor no halter thou ſhalt have,
But I will give thee a fee;

For Plumpton-park I will give thee,
With tenements three beſide;
Which is worth three hundred pounds a year
To maintain thy good cow-hide.

God-a-mercy, quoth the tanner,
For this good deed thou haſt done,
If ever thou comeſt to merry Tamworth,
Thou ſhalt have clout leather for thy ſhoon.

FINIS.

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